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the idea of hope has been less fully treated hitherto than the ideas which form the themes of the earlier books. In importance, this book, *What May I Hope?* proves scarcely inferior to any one of the other three. To be sure, most persons would promptly enough agree that hope ought to be both moral and reasonable—these are the author's fundamental contentions;—but there are few who could give any coherent account of the nature or justification of this readily assumed belief. Such an account Dr. Ladd supplies. Applying his tests to personal, social and scientific hopes, to the hope of moral perfection, the hope of immortality, and the hope of a divine kingdom, the author is highly successful in forcing his readers to recognize the fundamental psychological validity of morality and reason, and in enabling them to see to what extent these two elements may warrant the highest hopes. Taking broad and sympathetic views, the author finds use and justification not merely for the cautious hopes of the typically "reasonable" man but for the "hope too high for which we die" of the young and the enthusiastic.

AFFIRMATIONS. By Havelock Ellis. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915.

What one wants and expects in a critic is first of all a man with a point of view both reasonably definite and reasonably liberal—a man, too, who applies his general ideas of life and literature to individual works with firmness but with due modesty and without pretense of absolute finality. Such a man is Havelock Ellis, whose book of critical essays, *Affirmations*, originally published in 1898, has been recently reissued—a recognition of its worth which it richly deserves.

Without attempting to distinguish closely between competing schools and methods, one may in fairness declare that Mr. Ellis is a representative modern critic—a highly successful practitioner of the art as it is now understood, so far as any common understanding in regard to it exists. In general, Mr. Ellis's point of view is humanistic and scientific. As he seeks to render this point of view more specific, it becomes usually psychological rather than ethical or philosophic. Mr. Ellis, however, keeps his fundamental beliefs well in check, confining their influence for the most part to the task of clarifying the particular subject in hand, seldom extending them in such a way as to bring into question the whole philosophy of life. Mr. Ellis is thus possessed of the necessary definiteness of standpoint; he shows sufficient liberality in the interpretation of life (for nothing human is excluded from his philosophy); and he is in general modest—as scientists are usually modest—in the broad application of his views. Occasionally, it is true, Mr. Ellis carries his scientific view considerably beyond the immediate critical purpose of the moment; and the old-fashioned reader gasps. "Be sure," writes the author, in his essay on Huysmans, "that Nature is your home and that from

the farthest excursions you will return the more certainly to those fundamental instincts which are rooted in the Zoölogical series at the summit of which we stand. For the whole spiritual cosmogony rests, not indeed on a tortoise, but on the emotional impulses of the vertebrate mammal which constitutes us men." This is scientific naturalism; but disbelief in the all-adequacy of this view need not debar one from the pleasure and profit which are to be derived from Mr. Ellis's criticism. One does not require a complete philosophy of life from a modern critic, but one may forgive him for having one!

One may well be grateful, too, for the clearness of thought which enables Mr. Ellis to define in satisfactory and reasonable terms the meaning, for example, of the tendency called decadence as contrasted with classicism. Classicism, according to Mr. Ellis, is simply the subordination of the parts to the whole; decadence is simply the subordination of the whole to the parts. Each is equally right and necessary; the whole question as between the two is not moral but æsthetic, and the confusion of morality with æsthetics is bad. "We are not called upon to air our moral indignation over the bass end of the musical cleff." No doubt there is here, also, a case open to argument. To distinguish clearly between the province of morals and that of art is eminently desirable; yet to deprive morality or moral analogy of its control over the manifestations of art would be quite another matter. Doubtless what we call decadence and much of what we call evil is but a natural stage in the normal process of life-development. Is it therefore to be approved? Or is there a discernible tendency in the affairs of men which is to be approved, while its contrary—natural though it be—is to be uniformly opposed?

The case must be taken up to the supreme court of philosophy. Meanwhile, there is much to be gained and little to be lost by accepting Mr. Ellis's point of view. It is a point of view that frees one from sentimentality and cant, from narrowness and prudery. It enables one to understand and to value at their true worth the great writers whose minds were abnormal, self-tormenting, or self-thwarted.

It results that Mr. Ellis has much that is fundamentally clear and illuminating to say about each of the several great and singular geniuses of whom he treats in *Affirmations*. In the essay on Nietzsche he points out as a fact of cardinal importance Nietzsche's increasingly clear conception of the fundamentally psychological nature of philosophy. "Nietzsche knows that a man's philosophy, to be real, must be the inevitable outcome of his own psychic constitution. It is a point," continues Mr. Ellis, "that philosophers have never seen. Perhaps Nietzsche was the first, however hesitatingly, to realize it." In the chapter upon Casanova, again, Mr. Ellis not only enables us to understand the "immense range of human interest, the audacious realism, the freedom from

perversity," which make the famous *Memoirs* one of the greatest books of its kind; but he also introduces a most ingenious and evidently sound theory to explain the value of that literature of which Casanova's *Memoirs* may serve as a type. The book which is unmoral but not immoral may, Mr. Ellis believes, subserve a true use by affording a vent for impulses ordinarily suppressed, but not in themselves unhealthy. Thus, a book such as the *Memoirs* gives the reader a sort of harmless moral vacation. Indeed, one function of art, Mr. Ellis suggests, may be to furnish a moral equivalent for what would now be considered impropriety—just as athletic sport furnishes in some measure a moral equivalent for war. The reader of the essay upon Zola will be rewarded with insights of another kind yet of no less value. In this essay Mr. Ellis rids a great reputation of many false or confusing connotations, discovering the artist in the man and making the character of the man, as moulded by experience, explain the limitations of the artist.

MEMORIES OF A PUBLISHER. By George Haven Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1915.

Among writers of reminiscences there are few who consistently resist the temptation to loquacity, still fewer who can afford to do without a considerable measure of the story-teller's plausible art. George Haven Putnam is exceptional in both respects. His *Memories of a Publisher* is a book packed with information, anecdote, impressions of notable and interesting people, comments upon the political problems and events of the period between 1865 and 1915. Each entry in the record of Mr. Putnam's active life during this period—the record of a life rich in manifold interests, in rewarding experiences, and in pleasant associations—is of independent interest, and practically complete in itself. Each contains something worth while from the viewpoint of history or literary biography, to say nothing of the interest which commonly pertains to a personal record. A feature of the book, moreover, which adds not a little to its readability and usability is the author's business-like habit of pursuing a given topic to its end, regardless of the break in chronological sequence which this entails.

In the present volume Mr. Putnam supplements the account which he has given in an earlier work, *A Memoir of George Palmer Putnam*, of the publishing house founded by his father, taking up the record at the year 1872. In his story, however, the business of publishing holds a very minor place; the narrative deals frankly and familiarly with remarkable men of many kinds whom the author knew; it treats straightforwardly and understandingly of events and movements in which for the most part he was directly concerned. An early chapter contains interesting sketches of some